

THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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Vol. XXXV.

MARCH, 1880.

No. 8.

THE CÆSAR OF THE NEO-CÆSAREANS.

"The popular idea of Julius Cæsar has been derived from Shakespeare's plays. Shakespeare's conception of that great man's character was undoubtedly drawn from Plutarch. But recent historians have shown there is another view to be taken of Cæsar." Thus the author of a new drama, entitled "Cæsar," apologizes for presuming to take up a subject once handled by Shakespeare. The chief merit of his work is its truthfulness to the modern idea of the great Roman. We wish briefly to bring out the Cæsar of the Neo-Cæsareans by contrast with the Cæsar of Shakespeare, Arnold and others of the old school. We know no better proof of Cæsar's greatness, than the fact that our estimate of his contemporaries and their institutions is so much influenced by our estimate of this one man. Cæsar, the ambitious tyrant, is found in company with Cicero, the savior of his country, and Brutus, the prince of patriots. His arch-enemy, the senate, is the palladium of Roman liberty, and his death the just reward of his ambition. Cæsar, the patriotic statesman, casts into the shade the greatest of his corrupt contemporaries; while, as the

champion of the people, he destroys a despotic oligarchy, and dies a death as unrighteous as it was inexpedient.

The widely differing views of Brutus, as painted by the opposing schools, may be taken as an example of what will hold equally good with reference to Cicero, Clodius, Cato or Pompey. Shakespeare's Brutus was a genuine hero; a glorious old Roman; a patriot of the purest stamp; a noble-minded lover of the people, and well worth a forum-full of ordinary conspirators. He was of the family of Cato; and the blood of Junius Brutus, the slayer of Tarquin, was in his veins. Shakespeare portrays him as "high-minded, generous, brave; in all the relations of life, upright, gentle and pure; his honor as clean as the new-coined snow; of a sweetness and delicacy of principle that could not bosom the slightest stain," etc. In fine, he makes us satisfied that Brutus should be the hero in the tragedy in which great Cæsar dies.

The Brutus of the Neo-Cæsareans is but little more than a tool in the hands of Cassius and his co-conspirators. "Brutus! he is my tool. This wondrous Brutus of which Rome thinks so much!" Thus the new drama makes Cassius speak. Froude is not content to call him a "visionary" and a "fanatical republican," but must needs deprive him of his little vanity—his pride of ancestry: "A Brutus had delivered Rome; the blood of a Brutus was consecrated to liberty. This also was mockery. Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins, put his sons to death and died childless. * * * An imaginary genealogy, however, suited well with the spurious heroics which veiled the motives of Cæsar's murderers." In the hands of the Neo-Cæsarean "the sweetness and delicacy of principle which could not bosom the slightest stain," turns out to be very much akin to the principle of less pretending men. We quote a passage from the new drama:

Cass. His debtors could not pay: he marched an army and forced the money from them by the swords of Roman soldiers. Four per cent. a month! There's usury for you! There's stoic morals!

Dec. I had not heard of that; I was in Gaul.

Cass. And just the other day, what does he do? Tiring of Claudia, his wife, this stoic—this proud despiser of all earthly joys—divorces her, and marries Portia, his pretty cousin, stoic Cato's daughter. There's morals for you!

Did he show honesty and generosity at Cæsar's burial? He feared his soldiers, and was interested in the validity of his appointments. "They had intended to declare that Cæsar had been a tyrant; to throw his body in the Tiber, and to confiscate his property to the state. They discovered, however, to their consternation, that if Cæsar was a tyrant all his acts would be invalidated. The prætors and tribunes held their offices, the governors their provinces, under Cæsar's nomination. If Cæsar's acts were set aside, Decimus Brutus was not governor of North Italy, nor Marcus Brutus of Macedonia. * * * Lands had been allotted to Cæsar's troops; many thousands of colonists were waiting to depart for Carthage and Corinth, and other places, where settlements had been provided for them. These arrangements would equally fall through, and it was easy to know what would follow." The motives which influenced him to permit Antony to speak, are considered worthy of no more praise than those with which he murdered his friend and benefactor.

We find views just as different held of the senate. This body is the special *protégé* of those who hate the nephew of Marius. They point to the times "when the Roman senate was the noblest embodiment of the nation, and in consistence and political sagacity, in unanimity and patriotism, in grasp of power and unwavering courage, the foremost political corporation of all times, 'an assembly of kings,' which well knew how to combine despotic energy with republican self-devotedness." They point to a century and a half of successful senatorial rule, during the most arduous period of Roman development. Had Cæsar, they say, been as zealous in making the senate a patriotic aristocracy, as Sulla was in making it a tyrannical oligarchy, his talents and circumstances would have enabled him to perpetuate the institutions of the Republic for centuries. They declare that "the looseness and elasticity of its structure" fitted it admirably to be the subject of reform. "Here, if anywhere, lay the chance of cherishing and developing any germs of freedom, which had survived the shock of arms." "The people respected the senate," says Arnold, "and continued to submit to its

regulations, influence and authority, till the efforts of some worthless individuals excited jealousies and divisions, in the course of which the senate and the people were opposed to one another, in a quarrel which was not their own; and a war, in which no national, no public interests, were properly involved, enabled one profligate adventurer to overthrow the whole constitution, and to overwhelm all ranks of the commonwealth together under his own despotism."

The senate of the Neo-Cæsarean was corrupt beyond all reform. The most heroic treatment could only have temporarily prolonged its life. Instead of an "assembly of kings," or material for such an assembly, Cæsar found a tyrannical oligarchy of "fish-pond gentry"—an assembly of men who plundered provinces, sold their votes to the highest bidder, and habitually indulged in vices which must remain veiled in the language of Cicero and Suetonius. Well might Shakespeare's Cassius cry, "Rome, thou hast lost the race of noble bloods." Reform! The Gracchi tried reform. They were murdered, and their fellow patriots were hunted down and put to death, or banished. From this time on to the Sullan revolution, the senate "gave more and more signal proofs, at each new crisis, of shameless selfishness and disastrous incapacity." Whether we see them selling themselves to Jugurtha and the Cilician pirates—"helpless as the howling mob" amid the threatenings of the Teutonic invasion—plastic in the hands of Sulla, or cowering under the temporary supremacy of the armies of Cinna, we see the same incompetent and irresponsible plutocracy.

Reform! The Servile war and the Catilinarian conspiracy were but riotous manifestations of the almost universal feeling that the state could only be healed by revolution. The statesmanship of a Cæsar could not make brick without straw. The band which Sulla had made omnipotent would not abate one jot or tittle from their claims. They saw in Cæsar a reformer, who well knew that "the Roman constitution was too narrow for the functions which had fallen to it," that it had degenerated into an instrument of tyranny and injustice. They hated him; and when

Pharsalia made him Cromwell of the situation, they chose rather to see their order sink into insignificance than second his policy.

Under the circumstances he deserves no commendation for taking to himself protectoral power. "His monarchy was so little at variance with democracy," says Mommsen, "that democracy, on the contrary, only attained its completion and fulfillment by means of that monarchy. For his monarchy was not the Oriental despotism of divine right, but a monarchy such as Caius Gracchus wished to found; such as Pericles and Cromwell founded—the representation of the nation by the man in whom it puts supreme and unlimited confidence."

After making his opponents heroes and the senate the palladium of Roman liberty, naught remains to the old school but to make Caesar a cruel tyrant, whose corruption differed from the corruption of his age only in being on a grander scale. Can we, they say, expect to see a manhood, even comparatively pure, grow out of a youth of "unbounded infamy?" "We will not," says Arnold, "and cannot repeat the pictures which the ancients, little scrupulous on such points, have drawn of his debaucheries.

* * * The whole range of history can hardly furnish a picture of greater deformity." He early appears as a revolutionist and beards the senate, as the pet of the malcontents of Rome. The tribunitian veto and the prohibitions of the augurs were the safeguards of the Roman Republic. "They were what the power of the purse is to the British House of Commons." He ignored priest and tribune and appealed to the city mob. Leaving Rome to be the prey of men like Clodius, he appointed himself to Gaul. Here he taunted to battle the nations of the North that he might win distinction and train his army. Yet he who thus selfishly destroyed in his campaigns over a million of men and sold into hopeless slavery a million more, has been called by his friends humane. With the military power thus cruelly obtained and wealth "wrung from the hard hands of peasants by army indirection," he forced and bought his way to the dictatorship. When in this place of power he bid for kingly honors, and threw away his life, his reputation and his country's liberty.

No longer can we say "Caesar, thy enemies are keepers of the record—they make the history." In the friendly colors of Froude and Mommsen, "the world's heart begins to know him as he was—the man who loved and labored for the people." We are no longer swayed by the table-talk of Roman gossips. "Doubtless," says Froude, "the polished young Marian found in the society of cultivated ladies more to please him than in the brutal exhibitions of the amphitheatre." This was sufficient to make him an apt subject for the scandal of his times. His enemies, however, seem to forget that scandal gains no weight by being crystallized in Latin. One of his first public acts was a refusal to divorce his wife at the command of the tyrant Sulla. Stoic Cato and honest Pompey might well have taken pattern from this intrepid stripling. In his years of power Pompeia was divorced on the ground that "Caesar's wife must not only be innocent, but must not be suspected." He strove, besides, by stringent laws, to check the looseness which prevailed in Rome, with reference to the marriage relation.

He is also charged with being seditious. Yet during the troubled years of Sulla's reign and Cataline's conspiracy, he spent a life of study and development. The young pontifex of Rome, the accomplished student of Rhodes, and the hero of Mytilene, at length became the avowed champion of the people. They elected him their consul. The oligarchy saw "many Mariuses" in the new democratic leader, and tried to keep their tyranny intact by putting the usual petty obstacles in his way. He pushed aside these obstacles with a strength that needed no violence; gave his party a place in the government of the republic, and took upon himself the task of conquering his country's most dangerous and unconquerable enemies. When he was denied the promised reward of his victories, he refrained from forcibly demanding his rights, until he was driven into the dilemma of either dying at the hands of the senate, or crossing the Rubicon in behalf of the Roman people. The use he made of the victories which attended his advance upon Rome, gives the lie to the charges of cruelty which have been made against him. The

plans of reconstruction which he was carrying out at the time of his murder are sufficient proof of his wise and statesman-like view of his country's necessities. Laws were revised and strengthened, public libraries were founded, public works of amazing magnitude were building, colonization was carried on with unheard-of success, and all this work was under thorough and energetic supervision. Though condemned by his foes as an unprincipled warrior, he was slain while cultivating the arts of peace.

Friends and foes alike condemn his murder as a piece of supreme folly. Shakespeare could only make it appear bearable by picturing him as a vain, vaporing soldier of fortune, to be brought into the drama of his times as a sacrifice at the death of the republic. To him, the murder was but a prelude to Philippi. Even Arnold, one of the most unrelenting of Caesar's enemies, declares that "after all his crimes, the circumstances of his death render him almost an object of compassion; and though it cannot be said of his assassins that

'Their greater crimes made his like specks appear,
From which the sun in glory is not clear,'

yet we naturally sympathize with the victim when the murderers, by having abetted and countenanced his offences, had deprived themselves of all just title to punish them." After such admissions from the opposite party, Froude seems to us indiscreet, if not sacrilegious, in comparing his death to the death of Christ. "Give unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

We have sought by contrast to show the strength as well as the weakness of Caesar's cause, as set forth by the Neo-Cesareans. Some are open to the charge of having "offered a holocaust of reputations at the shrine of their idol;" Froude, however, seems to have so much confidence in the superior brilliancy of his hero that—Cicero perhaps excepted—he is not envious of the lesser lights. The senate deserves no quarter, and gets none. It was in imbecile old age, sick beyond cure, and unwilling to be re-

lieved. Neither plebs nor patricians were equal to the emergencies. Caesar did the work of Providence, as well as of political necessity, in setting aside the old government. Imperialism was better than anarchy. As to Caesar's character, we may strike a balance, and call it pure, "as the world went." His love of power was not out of proportion with his desire to have the land he so much enlarged governed with equity and in peace. His death was not the death of a tyrant, but the common fate of the reformer of that period. Despite his faults we may say with Cicero, "His life is that which shall continue fresh in the memory of ages to come; which posterity will cherish, and eternity itself keep guard over."

THE LEGEND OF LOCH AWE.

Far away in the fastnesses of Argyllshire, in Scotland, near the source of a foaming mountain torrent, which finally precipitates itself into Loch Awe, stands a dilapidated, weather-beaten cabin. Here, in this lonely spot, removed from the marks of civilization, Nature, ever watchful of her wild, neglected child, delights in summer to weave over its surface garlands of sweet flowers and bright green leaves, and in the bitter winter, to cover up its crevices with robes of sparkling white. The lofty trees overhead whispering some soft lullaby, the little birds singing their plaintive notes, the wild flowers filling the air with their sweetness, all seem to consecrate the place as Nature's dearest spot.

From a solitary window, a beautiful scene stretches out. Glittering in the sun lies the broad and placid pool, where playing salmon show their shining scales, and on whose brink the foliage is often pushed aside to show the noble deer seeking the cool, clear water; and then the stream winds out through the moss-covered banks, falling into the Loch at last, at the base of Kilchyrn Castle. Around the shores of the Loch, the dreary miles of fens and moor-lands stretch uninterrupted away, with

their scanty covering of moss and sedges, backed by the rising hills, while here and there a silver line marks the course of some wandering stream.

Opposite a rocky promontory, by the mouth of the brook, rising abruptly from the water, stands the lofty Kilchyrn castle. In its solid masonry the wasting hand of Time, never ceasing from its work, has opened many a yawning fissure. Formerly, beneath its ivied walls the proprietor, in times of trouble, found a safe retreat; and from it again the chieftain sallied forth with chosen band, spreading terror through all the surrounding districts. How changed the scene! The plash of the water, as a stone falls from its resting place, the sad moan of the wind ruffling the green ivy, and the scream of wild fowl alone disturb the stillness which reigns supreme. No longer its vast halls echo to the tread of armed feet; it stands a vast sepulchre, mouldering over the grave of its princely founders.

How weird the scene in the still moonlight! The waves stretch round about, like mirrors of molten silver, reflecting on their bosom the shattered outlines of its walls. The flash of some stealthy oar, glimmering in the distance, lulls the contemplative mind into a delicious reverie, sweetened by the melancholy it inspires. So stand these stately ruins, while the fierce elements yearly demand tokens of submission, and leave them in all the desolation of age, neglect and poverty.

There sits to-night, perhaps, as when known to me, in that solitary cabin, a sad-faced old man, clad in the Scottish attire. I became acquainted with the old man in a somewhat peculiar way. Of a venturesome disposition, I had, in the pleasure and excitement of fishing, pushed my way far into the mountains, toward the source of the stream. Heedless of danger, I leaped from stone to stone, till a false step, and a slippery rock, threw me headlong into the water. I struggled wildly in my efforts to escape, but the water chilled me, and the hard and slippery stones looked on in silent mockery. One more wild attempt, a loud cry, and the water closed over my head.

Returning consciousness and the light of a peat fire, revealed

to me the interior of the cabin, whose only occupants beside myself were a noble shepherd dog, and the old man. He it was who had saved me, and who now relates to me, to while away the long evening, the following legend :

"In the time of Sir John, an early ancestor of our family, a person named Porteus, of the parish of Applegarth, was taken up on suspicion of having set fire to a mill, and was confined in the Lord's dungeon, at this castle. The Lord being suddenly called away on some pressing business, in his hurry forgot to leave the key of the pit, which he always held in his own custody. Before he discovered his mistake, and could send back the key, the man was starved to death, having first, in the extremity of his hunger, gnawed off one of his hands. After that time the castle was haunted, till a chaplain of the family finally confined the bogle to the pit, whence it could never come out, so long as a large Bible which he used on that occasion remained in the castle. It is said that the chaplain did not long survive this act. The ghost, however, kept quietly within the bounds of his prison for many years. But at length the Bible, worn out by continuous use, was sent away to be rebound. The ghost, taking advantage of its absence, broke through the iron door and regained his freedom. Once a year, just when the man had died, a powerful voice cried out, 'In this house thou shalt kill no more.' So runs the mythical tale of our old castle."

"My father," continued he, "has often told me how my noble ancestors, fearing to act even in self-defence, in opposition to this sentence, had left the stately castle to plundering enemies and the ravaging hand of Time ; and yet had sworn that in the shadows of its walls they would always live and die. For a time they endeavored to keep it somewhat in repair ; but their wealth gradually growing less, it began to crumble into ruin, and soon it will be a thing of the past. As once the name of the family was known through its many battles, so now my father, who lived in this house before me, and I have endeavored to make it known through acts of kindness. In this silent place, with the birds and animals for my sole companions, in sight of the once

princely mansion of our race, I am content to end my days. To them I am a guardian; and when in the chilling winter travelers are lost on these wild wastes, to every one I lend a saving hand, as I have done to you to-day. This now is all my happiness; this constitutes my duty."

Very soon I had to leave, and as I was about to depart I asked, "Would you not like to go with me?" "Ah, no," he replied, "I cannot bear to leave my mountain home; I am the last of my race; I will here live out my days; soon I too will pass away, and then our proud clan will be forever forgotten and extinct." A tear coursed down his wrinkled face as he bade me God-speed. Then, with his white locks flying in the wind, the old man disappeared in one of the mountain defiles.

TAINE AS AN EVOLUTIONIST.

Taine elaborated his theory of literature in one of the earliest of his writings, a prize "Essay on Livy," published soon after he left College. Taking as his starting point the Pantheism of Spinoza, he refused to acknowledge in the human soul an *imperium in imperio*, a power contrasted with, and separated from, the forces of the objective universe. "It is," he seems to say, "but a drop floating on the surface of the ocean of being, a cluster of phenomena, like the thin line of mist which melts in the light of the rising sun, like the soft rain of summer, more complex indeed than they, but manifestations of the same power which is the source of their existence." It is, as they are, born of operations which proceed according to fixed laws; and in both cases these laws control alike the phenomena of production or birth, growth and dissipation, the greatest movement and the least. True, it is more difficult to understand soul phenomena than those of gravitation or chemical affinity; but the same analysis which has laid bare their secrets will, when pushed far enough, disclose our own.

Moreover, as the rain-cloud's antecedents reach back countless ages to the period when an unbroken sea of fiery vapor reached far beyond the orbit of the most distant planet, so also we are not children of yesterday. That to understand the man or poet of to-day you must be acquainted with the course of his earlier life, is one of the commonplaces of criticism. It is no less true that in order to explain these early conditions we must go still further back; and in this fact lies the germ of the doctrine of evolution. The primal constituents of the rain-drop are atoms with their motions, attractions and repulsions. The analysis of the soul of a Shakespeare or Tennyson will reveal in like manner a conglomerate of physical states, whose antecedents reach back to an infinitely distant past.

History is then a branch of natural science, and it may be looked upon as the study of the preconditioning forces of a cluster of phenomena to which we give the name of "nation." Criticism of literary remains is the examination of certain manifestations of these forces, in times past, which are preserved in the nation's written literature. It bears somewhat the same relation to history, that the study of fossils and minerals does to geology.

Thus Taine's theory resolves itself into two propositions: first, that all phenomena, psychical as well as physical, are manifestations of one power, and are to be studied by one method; second, that all natural phenomena are the results of processes of growth, and that it is only as growths that they are to be studied. The first of his doctrines separates him from the great mass of English critics, even from those who claim to be philosophical. The second distinguishes him, not only from these, but also from any, who, like Buckle, are both philosophers and positivists.

In virtue of his use of scientific method, he claims to be strictly a student of facts. All criticism is nominally a study of facts. But Taine brings a much larger mass of facts into play than is usual, and besides has a pre-eminent skill in putting them before his readers. To use an illustration which he applies to

another purpose, like the eastern perfume, each drop of which is compounded of the scent of a thousand flowers, his great critiques are the condensation, in every sentence, of a multitude of facts, which may have been dragged at an enormous expense of time and labor from the hidden recesses of old chronicles, or long-forgotten memoirs and poems. But while the odor of the individual blossoms is lost in the combined fragrance, each of the facts which is woven into the complex tissue of the critique is clearly to be seen. Without being wearied the reader has a comfortable feeling of interest in the writer whose opinions are not hap-hazard, but founded on investigations pursued with scientific patience and accuracy, and whose results are detailed with scientific minuteness.

In pages ornamented with a brilliancy like that of Macaulay, and amidst pictures so life-like that they recall Carlyle, we find a detail and an exactness like that of a physiologist analyzing the structure of an organism.

But his method leaves him no room for moralizing. His plan is simply to bring facts together and to allow them to tell their own story. He does not say that "the dramatists of the Restoration pandered to the tastes of a vile audience. This was wrong, and led to such and such bad consequences;" but he tells us that the men of the times of Charles II. were "bulldogs, who were not to be expected to take pity on their enemies;" "that from carnage these men threw themselves into debauchery;" that one of them "begins by depriving love of every adornment, every refined sentiment, everything;" that "there remains nothing but satiated appetites and palled senses." Having learned these things, we are prepared for the revelation of the unspeakable vice of the times, and of its drama; it seems to come as naturally from such a race, as the fungus growth from a heap of filth. We are not taught the ethical rules by which the development is to be judged, but the reasons for its appearance. As a scientist, Taine avoids with praiseworthy care what may be called the ethical system of criticism—the system which usually confines itself to the determination of the classes of a community for whom a given work is

profitable reading. So carefully does he avoid this, so expressly does he condemn it, that he is often blamed for being destitute of ethical feeling, if not positively immoral in his tendencies. He would doubtless reply to a critic who should so blame him, that there are canons of beauty as well as rules of ethics; that it is the business of the critic to expound these, and that it would be as much out of place in him to turn aside to judge ethical questions as it would be in the magistrate to remit or aggravate the criminal's sentence because of his personal good or bad looks. He might furthermore show the disastrous effects which habit of "moral" criticism has produced on English literature—leading, on the one hand, to critical narrowness, and on the other, to the production of hideous caricatures of creative art, destitute of life, but full of "improvement."

Taine does not, however, deny to the moral element a place in critical investigations. Moral emotion is as beautiful and as worthy of representation as any other, provided it is true to nature—that is to say, provided it appears in the novel or poem as the natural outcome of the train of thought which is pursued in the work, and is not feigned for the sake of effect, either subjective or objective. It is only when forced into prominence at the expense of other sides of our nature that it becomes objectionable. To see how thoroughly Taine understands and appreciates the ethical element, when confined to its proper sphere, we have only to examine those chapters of the "*History of English Literature*," which speak of the early martyrs, and of such men as Bunyan and Jeremy Taylor. He says of Bunyan, "He is as near to Homer as an anabaptist tinker could be to an heroic singer, a creator of gods. I err; he was nearer. Before the sentiment of the sublime all inequalities are leveled. The depth of emotion raises poet and peasant to the same level." Of Taylor, "It is not a cold rigorist who speaks; it is a man—a moved man with senses and a heart, who has become a Christian, not by mortification, but by the development of his whole being."

It may be said that Taine praises Byron, recognizing genius even in "*Don Juan*," and that this is a sufficient proof of an im-

moral tendency. But certainly, if the unforced, spontaneous development of the whole man, in emotion as well as in intellect, is beautiful, every hindrance to that development is an evil, and he who destroys such an obstacle is a benefactor of the race. Unfortunately, in destroying such evils as Byron handled—the social evils of hypocrisy and the life of the “whited sepulchre kind,” one is apt to sweep away much that is conducive to good. Byron certainly did. But it is as a liberator, and not as a corrupter of morals, that Taine praises him.

“Fullness of life,” is a short phrase of Herbert Spencer’s which has an almost infinite depth of meaning. It expresses Taine’s ideal. His perfect man would not be the emaciated ascetic of the deserts of Egypt, in the fifth century after Christ, nor the “admirable and formidable animal, very greedy and well armed,” of the Renaissance, but the well-balanced mind, steadied by a thorough “understanding of itself and of things in general,” of which Goethe is the best example. This feeling springs naturally from a mind which is thoroughly interpenetrated with scientific method; for catholicity is the most indispensable of requisites for a true man of science.

In virtue of his scientific many-sidedness, Taine has avoided, to a great extent, not only the narrow restraints of classicism, but even the more subtle snares which the extravagances of our time have spread. Authors so diverse as Shakespeare, Dryden, Swift and Byron receive from him a measure of praise. In his critical capacity he comes as near as any mere man could, to looking down upon literature with the calm firmness and broad sweep of one of Goethe’s archangels beholding underneath the whirling globe and tossing seas.

THE DEFECTIVE FEATURE IN “DANIEL DERONDA.”

In reading George Eliot, we cannot but notice, in addition to the literary excellence, her careful construction and her exact

and painstaking analysis of characters and motives. This attention to detail is a distinctive feature of her works. Not with a few bold strokes does she dash on her colors; we are led to grasp her characterizations not alone, nor even mainly by their words and deeds; but in the centre of the picture every line is carefully drawn, every feature elaborated, until the work will bear the closest inspection. This mode of proceeding in literary work, as in some other departments, is the analytic in preference to the synthetic—the internal instead of the external. It is that to which George Eliot has given her attention, and in which she has achieved most remarkable success. She is not, it is true, tied to this system; the minor characters in her works are often shown by a few brief dashes, and afterwards either left to develop themselves, or if unimportant, to drop into obscurity. The main personages are not thus neglected. They are not suffered to remain even in the deft *chiaro-oscuro* of partial description. Circumstances, feelings and motives are detailed with great minuteness, and every act or word is made the subject of comment and digression. Of the merits of the two modes of treatment, the internal and external, it is not our object to speak. It is enough here to say that George Eliot belongs to the internal or analytic school, and it is with this that we have to deal.

Now in a mediocre writer the defects of this system stand out glaringly. A character once described leaves no room for subsequent development or for after-discoveries to be made by the reader. All that is required is to fit the characters to the scenes and incidents which the author may invent, and to carry them through consistently. With writers of George Eliot's stamp, noticeably in "*Daniel Deronda*," this difficulty entirely disappears. Her characterizations are too subtle and complex to be detailed in one paragraph or one chapter. To round out the conception, requires the whole book, even though the author be ceaselessly employed in interjecting and elucidating. Hence, although we have characters described at the outset with seeming minuteness, it soon appears that what we thought the whole, was only a partial glimpse, and that it needed the entire narrative to make our

conception of them. As the story proceeds, more and more light is cast upon them, and our knowledge and interest increase, until in the end the creation is complete and consistent, having impressed itself upon our minds as deeply by words and deeds as by the supplementary analyses. In this sense George Eliot can be said to belong in part to the synthetic school. But one rather inclines to say that her consummate skill extracts the advantages of one method, and carries them over to enrich the other. Hers is pre-eminently the analytic plan; but it outgrows its native field, and like some wide-spreading tree, overlaps the partition wall, and borrows from the light and air of the adjoining domain.

When analytic power has reached this stage, there is one danger which it does not always think to avert. It is that of dealing too much with trivialities—of taking for the groundwork a system which belittles itself and the whole subsequent structure, by having to do with questions too minute or unimportant to be worthy its power. This is, we think, the chief defect in "*Daniel Deronda*." Who that has read the work has not felt vaguely what an amount of pains is bestowed upon the central figure of the story. That two volumes should be taken up to describe the character of Gwendolen seems incredible; yet *Deronda* is neglected in comparison, being perhaps assumed as already complete in character; Grandcourt's positive points are soon known, and he subsequently but acts up to them; Mordecai awakens a strong interest toward the end, but the story does not centre around him, and his promised revelations are by no means so important as the preliminary announcements would lead us to expect. Mirah and the minor characters are put aside with far less attention than is given to the heroine; and the general issue of the story, as touching *Deronda*, is subordinate to the interest attaching to the hopeless woman who loves him. It would seem that the regard—almost worship—which an unhappily married woman feels for a young man, however noble he be, is a theme hardly worthy the elaboration displayed in this work. It is as if the tree had foliage too luxuriant to be in keeping with the puny, crooked trunk. A painting of a packing box may be as

finely executed as a study from nature; but most men would prefer the nobler subject. George Eliot could operate as skillfully and successfully on a far higher and broader plane than she does in this work.

It is not exactly what we mean, to say that one woman's character is too trivial a topic for a volume. But this woman, with her childishness, her unnatural adoration of an impossible man—for *Deronda* is undeniably one of the few false notes struck by the author—does seem unworthy the ability which could construct a work of such rare knowledge of human nature, such constructive power, and such true and forceful delineation of characters as are found in "*Daniel Deronda*."

A THOUGHT FROM MRS. BROWNING.

It is seldom that a feminine poet attempts to deal with abstractions. This fact was well known to Mrs. Browning; yet she has probably given us the best blending of the poetical and the philosophical of any poet of this century. It is not an easy thing to mingle elements of this kind and at the same time to retain them in mutual equipoise with one another. Even Tennyson has kept his "*In Memoriam*" distinct from his "*Idyls*." Few poets say so much about love as this poetess, and not one makes it so ideally noble and exalted. Few poets deal so much in social and philosophical questions, and not one deals with them so wisely and yet so poetically. She has written one great poem—a poem so excellent, indeed, that some men think it the best of its kind in this century. In "*Aurora Leigh*" she has most poetically unfolded two philosophical principles; and the equipoise between the opposing elements is beautifully sustained to the end. The principles she has developed have a wide meaning; one touches upon woman as related by love and association to man, and one upon man as related to the evils of society. One is thoughtfully conveyed in the language of *Aurora*

Leigh to the blind Romney, whose love she has at length accepted :

“Passioned to exalt
The artist's instinct in me at the cost
Of putting down the woman's—I forgot
No perfect artist is developed here
From any imperfect woman. Flower from root,
And spiritual from natural, grade by grade
In all our life. A handful of the earth
To make God's image ! the despised, poor earth,
The healthy, odorous earth—I missed with it
The divine breath that blows the nostrils out
To ineffable inflatus : ay, the breath which love is.”

But it is the second one about which we would write ; it contains a lesson of wisdom to the present time, and yields a solace to men living in this age of individualism. As we advance in development, each step only intensifies the realization of the evils with which we have to contend, and the evils with which society must contend in moving on to a complete civilization. And so at times we see a Romney Leigh coming upon the scene, with a soul weighed down with the wretchedness of humanity, but lifted up with the noblest aspirations and exalted with the truest philanthropy. Seeing that society now stands on a mistaken basis, and noticing the slowness and stumbling with which men advance into civilization, he would get up a scheme by which humanity should leap by a few bounds into its millenium, having passed with the one stride of a day a distance which had previously occupied the strides of centuries. He attempts to manipulate the plan of nature, and to design means by which he may accomplish such an elevation of men. The creatures he attempts to elevate do not appreciate his aims ; they abuse him, destroy his house, put out his eyes ; he fails ; he has thrown his pearls to the swine, only to get with pain and defeat the lessons of wisdom which nature teaches. He comes to see that humanity is not a piece of clay which any one man can model to his wish ; he discovers that the millenium of society cannot come in a day ; he recognizes the fact that society, in moving on to that millenium, must take on each phase of progress ; he concludes that

humanity can only *develop* into a complete regeneration. He had failed and was humbled—

"And thus
Grew willing, having tried all other ways,
To try just God's."

We may apply the poet's conclusion to another way in which the aims and aspirations of men sometimes manifest themselves. The craving after power and influence at times lifts up a man who, like Romney Leigh, would guide and mould humanity to his wish—though in this case the wish and motive may be exclusively selfish. It is thus that we have a Caesar, and it is thus that so many would-be Caesars have abounded. He, too, would manipulate the law of nature by which men and society exist and develop, until he could actually become that law himself, and so become humanity's God. Though sometimes seeming a moment to succeed, he likewise inevitably fails. The laws of human development will not tolerate Caesars, and they have to go down—even as the Romney Leighs have to go down. Antoninus had a good saying: "Think of the whole substance of the universe, of which thou hast so minute a division; and of infinite time, of which so small and indivisible a space has been assigned to thee; and of that which is fixed by destiny, and how small a piece of it thou art!" In fact, it is useless in men to attempt to monopolize destiny; it is useless in men to think they have done so. One man cannot have more than his own share; where he attempts to take it, and thinks he has it, Nature sweeps on and leaves his dead body in the way as a monument of weak presumption; and the coming nations smile at such vanity and credulity. It is upon such reflections that we can appreciate the old Stoic definition of a wise and virtuous life as one existing in conformity to nature. We would only modify it by the added knowledge of to-day, and thus read it as a conformity to nature *in its laws of development*.

But it is in the way of a solace, that we especially wish to notice the poet's thought at this time. The age is one of intense individualism. Every man would like to do a great work in

life. Indeed, it seems as though each man would have nature to go according to his own pet scheme. If nature seem to be not quite so pliable to his hands as he thinks she ought to be, he is apt to get disgusted with life, nature, himself and everything; when he has not been so weak as to fall into that state, he at least trembles lest she should inevitably fall back into chaos where old Night again should reign supreme. But the poet tells us not. She tells us that God is at the helm of nature, and will guide it safely, though in his own way, and at his own speed. Likewise the scientist tells us that a development of all things is going on continuously, though after its own manner and time. Just as each little polyp can add only its own atom of limestone to the ocean bed, so each man can add to the bed on which humanity is building, only his own atom of life-work, and then await the result. And so the poet's thought gives consolation to a Milton, defeated in plans and confined to a library with blindness, and to a Napoleon, beaten in designs and captivated on an island by destiny. Milton could feel that the work he had planned was not needed; Napoleon could feel that the scheme he had designed was not possible.

The thought we have been studying likewise yields a solace to the weak ones of earth, who would do great things and can do but little. Many a child while developing into full life, longs and half-expects to become possessed of genius and greatness. Humbled and disappointed, such would-be great ones at length come to see that they must accept mediocrity; and thus, having been mistaken in ambition, they can seek happiness in the peace of an humble, intellectual and social life, and solace themselves with philosophizing like Milton:

"God doth not need

Either man's work or his own gifts; his state

Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,

And post o'er land and ocean without rest;

They also serve who only stand and wait."

Realizing that they do not exist altogether to society, but somewhat to themselves, they can aim to give to each its own small

due, and, in so living, to be true to Nature's wish and plan. And so, to the socialist who would have men accept his schemes, when they have not become sufficiently developed to do so; to the statesman who would manipulate the laws by which men and society live, to his own selfish aim and plan; and to the child of mediocrity who would like to help on Nature greatly, and can do so but weakly—to each one the poet's thought can convey consolation, with its lessons of wisdom. They every one can feel that nature will have its way, and "can be trusted to the end."

PHARAOH'S SECRET.

Reader, hush! You are about to learn a mystery. The secret of antiquity is revealed. The recesses of the unexplored have yielded up their wealth. To you I will now make known what has long been hid. But let men beware! It is not for the scoffer to learn these momentous truths. Not to feed the speculations of would-be theorists are they revealed. Read only thou who art ready to believe.

I am one of inquiring mind. I am one who knows the importance of certainty in all doubtful things. In my childhood I read, with wondering awe, of those eternal monuments of the east, the pyramids of the Nile. I learned with sorrow that the mass of their interior was unexplored; from that day forth I determined to be their explorer. Cheops and Cephrenes became the theme of my dreams by day and by night. I looked on them as not less than human—perhaps far more. I mused on their hidden intricacies. I imagined often their inner chambers; but I never imagined what I have found.

I was but a child when first I set forth on my mission. I was scarce a man when, leaving my home, I journeyed toward the object of my desires. I told no one of my purpose; that would have secured defeat. Secrecy and deceit are constituents of my nature; they have been my tried and trusty servants in many arduous toils. I embarked as a sailor for France. Thence I

traveled on foot toward the east, ever east; and the rising sun found me each day nearer—each evening my hope was higher raised. A year of such toiling brought me to Giza. I beheld at length the objects of years' veneration. They stood like mighty mountains on an unbounded waste of sand. They were as I had daily seen them pictured, but larger, more grandly imposing, than even my anticipation had dared to conceive. What wonders did their vast proportions conceal from my eager gaze!

But to behold was not to explore. I was only at the beginning of fatigues; a stranger, almost penniless, unacquainted with the language of the country, possessing no secret of magic, how could I expect to accomplish the gigantic labor I had set myself? Yet I was not disheartened. I had chosen my life-work, and should I despair at the first discouragement? I surveyed and ascended the largest of the mounds, occupying in this manner the entire day. Toward night I returned to Cairo, and there secured a cheap but decent lodging. Two things were become apparent: I must make myself master of the Arabic tongue; I must acquire means from which to supply the requirements of my work. Clearly a season of waiting was before me. The hardships and distresses of the succeeding years I have no intention here to recount; enough that I qualified myself in both these particulars: During this period I went, not less frequently than once each week, to feast my eyes on the lofty objects of my admiration, examining carefully if I might discover indications of other openings than those already known.

At length the time arrived when I might think of beginning in earnest the task to which I had so long looked forward. I had already selected Cheops as the first object of my exploration. But at the outset many difficulties presented themselves. I must conceal my intention, else I should certainly be annoyed in my work, and others would endeavor to take from me the glory. I wished, also, to proceed as far as I might think best, before making public the result of my endeavors. At first I thought of taking into my confidence one or two trusty Arabs, but long experience assured me that the race was universally fickle and

avaricious. How, then, to escape their suspicion? No plan appeared to me feasible, save that of making my permanent residence within the structure, leaving or entering it only at night, when I was unlikely to be perceived. The first passage, I knew, was seldom visited, the inner ones and chambers almost never; I could easily provide myself at intervals with food, drink and implements, and must trust my strong constitution to secure me against the intense heat and bad air.

So I commenced my work—now almost thirty years ago. It was a moonless night when I set off from Cairo, supplied with a mallet and chisel, a crowbar, a blanket, two dozen tallow candles, with flint and tinder, provisions for ten days and six quarts of water in a leather bottle. The light was just sufficient to indicate my way, and I arrived shortly before dawn at the opening of Cheops. I had never before entered the pyramid, although I knew by heart its entire plan and the dimension of every wall and angle. Having descended some twenty feet from the opening, over irregular steps coated with rubbish, I lighted a candle and proceeded to the well-known queen's chamber. Leaving here my supplies, I set about exploring the other portions of the interior, so far as was possible to me, unprovided as I was with ropes or ladders; in every respect I found it as familiar descriptions had presented it to me. It was my intention to occupy one of the chambers above the king's, but being unable to ascend there, I was forced to lie down where I had left my provisions. The heat and the dust, which the slightest motion raised in clouds, seemed at first almost unbearable—now, after many year's residence amid these discomforts, the freedom of the open air gives me the same suffocating sensation.

Several days spent in attentive observation of the various passages and chambers determined me to begin exploration with a recess in one corner of the king's apartment, which seemed likely to prove the entrance of another passage. After three weeks' chiseling and prying with my crowbar I gave this up, and attempted a similar enterprise in one of the lower passages. The history of more than six years comprises only a series of similar

failures. During this period I know of but two visits of other persons to the cavernous abodes of unseemly beasts I had come to consider my home. The first was evidently a party of travelers, whose curiosity was satisfied by a casual inspection of the first room. Some months later there came, on three different days, two scientific gentlemen, who penetrated every part of the structure, excepting those above the highest apartment where I was concealed. It was my habit to leave the pyramid at night once in eight or ten days, and, entering Cairo at early morn and leaving it about dusk, to bring back whatever supplies I might need. In this way I constantly added to my stock of tools, and even brought gunpowder into requisition. My time was about equally divided between excavating and sleeping, of which latter the close air made me require more than the normal quantity.

The pyramid of Cheops had been my habitation upward of seventy-six months before I made any discovery of even minor importance. At the end of this period, as I was one day passing hurriedly up one of the lower entries of my spacious mansion, a slight change in the sound of my footfalls at a certain point attracted my attention. I stooped down and carefully examined the stairs, but observed no difference in their form. Repeated soundings showed a real contrast of tone, and, fetching tools, I set to work to cut a passage through the solid floor of the gallery. Few as were my resources, it occupied me only three weeks to chisel a shaft some two feet square and ten feet deep. At this point I reached the base of the stone I had been cutting. The blows of an iron instrument on the next beneath gave a distinctly hollow ring. After four and one-half weeks of the same work, I entered by a rope a hitherto unknown gallery, running at right angles to, and twenty-three feet beneath, the other. To my intense disappointment, progress was barred either way by accumulations of rubbish—much of it in the form of stones far too large for me to remove.

Reader, it occupied me eleven years to clear this passage a distance of one hundred and thirteen feet toward the east. To accomplish this, I was obliged to demolish—sometimes by blast-

ing, sometimes by sawing or other methods—many huge masses. When I had excavated to the distance named above, my progress was blocked by a smooth slab, completely closing the passage. The expected hollow sound led me to cut an orifice large enough to enter. The second week saw me possessed of the secret of the ancient Pharaohs!

Against the opening I had cut lay a grinning human skull. Peering in and soon entering, I beheld many skeletons thrown into almost every conceivable posture—not less, I should say, than three or four hundred of them—in an apartment some ninety feet long by thirty in breadth. I spent a couple of hours in examining them. They were Copts, of every age and of both sexes, and had evidently lain undisturbed since the time when, by the order of cruel Cheops, they were walled up alive in this stately vault. The positions of their skeletons indicated to me that the wretched victims had died in the very extremity of agony.

Suddenly, as I stood examining them, steps resounded in the passage I had cleared. I instantly extinguished my candle. The sound drew nearer. I could perceive the light of torches. Then a head and shoulders, preceded by a torch, were thrust through my orifice. There was but a second to act. Should my secret be known—my reward engrossed by another? Stealthily as a cat I approached. I uttered a shriek that resounded gloriously through the sombre cavern. I clutched his hair and face with my long nails. I dragged him within. I fought bravely for my honor. The dry bones rattled upon the floor. I shrieked exultantly again and again. The man I was tearing groaned heavily, and caught at me with his hands. Some one else caught me too. I felt myself held. Again I shrieked and struggled with all my strength, but I was firmly held.

And now I write you this in protest. I have unearthed the mystery of ages. I have taught to the world the knowledge for which it famished. I surely, if any, have earned, by long, willing duress, the right to be free. Why then am I confined behind iron bars? Why am I manacled lest I wrench those bars asunder and fly? I shriek as I think of it. And those joyful

shrieks tell me why. I am mad! mad! mad! As I write it I shriek again and again—the echo of those tones with which I greeted my defamer. I tear my hair, and whet my nails, and grasp at you that gaze on me. I am the happiest of men, for I am mad. I care not what fetters you may put on me—I am raving mad! *mad!* MAD!

VOICES.

WERE the sepulchred, who fifty years ago sat enraptured under the music, poetry and art of their day, to arise and remove the bandages from their eyes, they would behold an age somewhat similar in tastes to that in which they lived. We seem to be traveling in a circle. To-day we are dancing to the strains which, years ago, moved the feet of the gay, and are fascinated by the poems which stirred the breasts of our fathers. We consequently retrace our steps, finding food for thought in the musty books of the ancient alcoves. They find in us as enthusiastic votaries as greeted their first appearance. Gradually Keats and Shelley are being raised to a high pedestal, occupying the places our favorites once held; Scott has seen his "balmy days," and Dickens does not electrify the literary world as he once did, but those whom they superseded are in the ascendency. With the times we change; but it is to again kindle the smouldering fire.

Being antiquarians, we have a tendency to resurrect those who, perhaps, have been dead too long. We almost fear that poor Chatterdon, or the unfortunate Kirke White, will be brought before the people again, and that some philanthropic Southey will sacrifice much of his valuable time in trying to make them live. The increasing interest in the writings of Keats and Shelley is, however, of great value to the literary world. Day by day the critic removes the venom which has so long prostrated them, and breathes within them the breath of life. To-day we laugh at

the idea that Keats' name is written in water, and instinctively cry—

"Keats! if thy cherished name be writ in water,
Each drop has fallen from some mourner's cheek ;"

and Shelley's heresy no longer becomes an insurmountable barrier which keeps him from our love. It seems that we live but to love and praise those whom our fathers once cherished and adored. After all, may there not be something commendable in this revival of authors? If Hazlitt lived in this age, there would be no occasion for him to say of our feelings towards the old authors, "Pavilioned in the glittering pride of our superficial accomplishments and upstart pretensions, we fancy that everything beyond that magic circle is prejudice and error, and all before the present enlightened period but a dull and useless blank in the great map of time." Instead of this, he might accuse us of neglecting an existing good and searching in the past for idols.

PRINTED NOTES are beginning to occupy an important place among the student's text-books, so popular have they become of late in every department. This unquestioning eagerness of reception is perhaps due to our common laziness more than anything else; for a prospect of less hard work is a very strong argument with us, even though we come to College just for hard work. However, when we manage to look beyond this powerful argument, it is seen that printed notes have their disadvantages, as well as their good points, and perhaps the former are even more and greater than the latter.

The points in their favor are these: *First*, they save trouble and time, doing away with the task of writing in class, and being much more legible than manuscript notes; and, *second*, they give opportunity for far more thorough and accurate knowledge of a subject, being fuller and more exact than those we can scribble on time.

Now, what are the disadvantages which we must weigh against these? *First*, this system does away with the valuable practice

which we get from taking notes in class. This practice accustoms us to follow a speaker attentively, and makes us used to grasping thoughts quickly, so as to re-express them with clearness and brevity. Besides being first-rate mental drill, note-taking tends to give us facility in mere mechanical writing. Every man in College who has taken notes regularly can now take them twice as fully and twice as easily as he could a year ago. Improvement in this respect is not to be laughed at. All who intend to be professional men will value it more and more, and be glad that they had this excellent practice in their College days. Now, can the trouble that we save by printed notes pay us for this loss?

The *second* disadvantage is that printed notes tend to make us inattentive in the lecture-room. While our instructor is lecturing, we doze or dream or read, with the calm assurance that it is all in the printed notes. This also is a double evil. It encourages disrespect to our Professors, and it gets us into habits of inattention. If there is one thing more important than another in our College discipline, it is the acquirement of habits of close attention. If our printed notes make us careless about this in the lecture-room—as they certainly do—then their use is so far an evil. They are said to give us a more accurate knowledge of the subject; but the mental drill which we obtain in our course is vastly more important than the little knowledge that we gain. Without the printed notes we get almost as much knowledge as with them, and far more discipline and useful practice.

These appear to be the main advantages and disadvantages, and a consideration of them throws the weight of reason in favor of the old plan. Of course, theoretically, we should be able to use printed notes and give strict attention to the lectures too; but, practically, these helps do cause the evils spoken of, and that to a very harmful degree. Perhaps it would be well for a Professor to use his printed notes as a text-book, substituting recitations for lectures; but this would hardly meet the approval of those who want printed notes to save work. As they are used at present, and as they are likely to be used in the future, they must do more harm than good.

WE notice among the editorials in the last *LIT.* a sweeping condemnation of the debating clubs which now exist in College. The author has doubtless founded his statements on mere hearsay, and has expressed a hasty opinion; or perhaps his object was simply to swell to a full page the criticism of the "little dry book" he was reviewing. Whichever the case may be, we request his attention to a few facts. Had the writer only reflected for an instant, he would see that all his apprehensions from the possible "strength and age" of these societies were entirely without foundation. Their strength can never be very great, since they are distinctly individual—having no connection whatever with one another—and any attempt to cope with the Halls would not only be absurd, but directly contrary to the spirit of the organization. Their "age" need not cause alarm, since the debating clubs in College are each composed of members belonging to the same class, and hence none of them can last more than four years.

The writer is also mistaken when he assumes that "as they are, they claim labor and allegiance from their members which is due to the Halls. They steal the student's time and divide his interests, and sooner or later must make the regular societies as useless as an army of quarreling clans." The true aim of these societies is to supplement, in certain respects, the advantages of Hall. They were formed in order to give practice to the members, and, at the same time, to bring out men who, though possessing good natural talent, are still lacking in that power of expression, and ability to "think on their feet," which are absolutely essential to every good debater. Instead of cheating the Halls out of time and labor, they awaken and sustain an increased interest in Hall and Hall exercises; and, far from "dividing the student's interest," bind him by deeper and stronger ties to Hall and its duties.

The writer seems also to think these societies a sort of mushroom growth that has sprung up during the past winter, and "hopes that the return of warm weather will make them willing to die." We know positively of one society—perhaps there are

others—which has been in operation more than a year. The only reason we can assign for his mistake is, that as they were formed after '80's *Bric-à-Brac* was published, they appeared, for the first time, in this year's volume. To any one who has a true idea of the aims and operation of these societies, there is no need to speak of their advantages; and for those who have been regarding them "with jealousy," we hope a statement of the facts will be sufficient.

As a general rule, traditions are hard to root out; and College traditions are no exception. Yet, one by one, the customs of the past—Soph. burials, hazing, and, more lately, "rushes"—have been broken up, and, according to very trustworthy rumors, our remaining tradition is on its last legs; for we hear that the Faculty are so grieved over the restrictions binding Freshmen, that they intend to take the next class under their parental wing, and protect it in all the four inalienable rights of Freshmen—"life, liberty, pursuit of happiness, and carrying canes." We regret to hear this, as, in our opinion, such a determination would exhibit a strange want of judgment and foresight. Too much government is a dangerous thing. Laws ought never to be made to correct evils which do not exist; for they are sure to create real ones. Has a Freshman ever complained that his health was injured or happiness curtailed by being forbidden to sport a cane? Or, is it the abstract principle of liberty that the Faculty wish to vindicate? The necessary result of the regulation—and probably its purpose—would be to put an end to the annual canesprees; and just here is the greatest objection to it.

Rushes are brutal and dangerous; hazing is an outrage on all the laws which should govern the conduct of gentlemen; but the cane spree is a manly, healthy trial of strength between men evenly matched. You choose your own opponent; indeed, you needn't enter at all, unless so inclined. It is not an angry contest; it is gentlemanly, and often good-humored. Men are rarely hurt, and very few angry words are ever exchanged. The whole

affair is one of the best institutions imaginable—a safety-valve which should not be closed. Rivalry between Sophomores and Freshmen will always exist. Classes are bound to measure strength together, and surely it had better be in this comparatively harmless way than in something worse. If the authorities want to make the College notorious, let them strive to correct these wholly imaginary evils by passing this law. Forbidden cane-spreeing will then become the “sweet stolen waters.” Sophs. will break the law, and then will come the penalty and lectures from the public prints—from which, good Faculty, deliver us.

D.

WHENCE the widespread sentiment against the weather as a topic of conversation? Why the universal conviction that only a man on the verge of despair will fall back on this last resort? Is it not, to some extent, at least, a groundless prejudice? For our own part, we know of no more potent method for breaking through the stiffness of a first acquaintance, or for melting the icebergs which will float into even the most familiar conversations, than to refer tenderly and feelingly to the condition of the sky, earth or atmosphere.

It is a subject with which every one, however ignorant, is perfectly familiar, and in which all take the deepest possible interest; one, moreover, which leads most naturally and appropriately to almost any further theme. Above all, it is a topic on which there is likely to be a wonderful unanimity of sentiment, especially in the neighborhood of Princeton. This last is an extremely important item, for there is nothing that will make two people feel at home with each other in less time than the discovery of some common like or dislike, especially if that like or dislike be as decided as it is sure to be in the case of the weather. Everything, however, depends upon the way in which you manage the thing. If you show by your look and tone that you are taking refuge in a forlorn hope, of course it will be a failure. Talk energetically, earnestly and interestedly, and it will work like a charm.

EDITORIALS.

"THE pledge taken at matriculation precludes the possibility of a Princeton student honorably belonging to a Greek-letter fraternity; we have nothing, therefore, to fear from them." Such was our statement last month. We made it in good faith, knowing as we did the character of the members belonging to the several clubs which have lately sprung up in College. We must confess, however, that our confidence in the legitimacy of these clubs is founded almost wholly on our confidence in the men composing them. Some of them certainly have suspicious names. All defend themselves by about the same arguments which are used elsewhere in favor of fraternities. Yet, while some of the "Voices" we have received acknowledge that the clubs are not only partially secret, but "strictly limited," we still disclaim any intention of fighting them as Greek-letter societies.

The tendency of these debating clubs, innocent and short-lived as they may be, is towards secrecy and troublesome perpetuity. They claim to be ephemeral, though very indignant at our suggestion that it would be easy and profitable for them to give up the ghost upon the return of warm weather. They kindly promise, however, to die inside of three years. But have we not ground to fear that they will not? If they are considered such useful and necessary institutions by their members, will it not be loyalty to them, and to the Halls they pretend to strengthen, to leave them as legacies to succeeding classes? Is there not a strong probability that the A. B.'s or the C. D.'s may feel unselfish enough at the end of their course to let their mantles fall on some promising lot of under-classmen? These may nourish the fraternity spirit and carry on the quarrels begun by their predecessors. Rivalry will beget secrecy and tenacity of life. Unrestricted propagation of the species for a few years will make

it unnecessary to argue against the evil tendencies of all such organizations.

Supposing, however, that they have no such tendencies, and that they are true to their apparent design—that of supplementing the Halls—when was it found out that the Halls needed such supplement? Supplied as we are with a complete course in elocutionary training and essay writing, it is certainly no great recommendation to the Halls that they must be supplemented by a petty wranglehood for every ten men. We not only deny that there is any such necessity, but claim that an attempt to do elsewhere additional work of the same character as that done in the Halls tends only to a division of interests, and must be prejudicial to the persons and societies concerned. There is no call whatever for more Hall work among the lower classmen. They have scarcely time, while driving through three recitations per day from Monday till Saturday, to prepare for and attend to their routine duties. The upper classmen have more time for Hall work, and a correspondingly increased amount of it to do. He who attends thoroughly to his regular studies has only too little time left to do equally well by his duties in Hall. The extension of our course, instead of rendering dozens of make-shifts at literary instruction necessary, gives us an abundance of true and tried opportunities in every line of study. We need not greater advantages, but a better use of those we have. The arguments used by the favorers of these supplementary debating clubs, might be used to show that a man had better pay two teachers of elocution, differing only in quality, when he can only by hard work do one of them justice.

We claim further that these clubs will become more or less factious elements in the large societies. If they are good, club pride will make the members stand by each other to a man. The different clubs will just as certainly quarrel with each other for offices and appointments, and will vote as units. If useless as literary societies, their distinctive characteristic will be this clannish spirit in Hall. Be they good or bad, they will, as we said, "tend only to make our regular society as inefficient as an

army of quarreling clans." As tending towards secrecy, and therefore dangerous to Halls and to College; as unnecessary, and therefore wasteful of the student's time, and calculated only to divert his energies from regular Hall work, and as certainly tending to destroy the unity of the regular literary societies, we are not inclined to abate one jot or tittle from our former judgment of these clubs.

FIVE months ago we wrote an editorial urging the announcement to each Senior of his second-session grades. We were not very sanguine as to the results which would be produced by our remarks, and are not, therefore, greatly disappointed that no action, so far as known, has been taken with regard to the matter. Yet so deep is our conviction of both the justice and importance of the request, that we feel constrained to make one more attempt to gain a hearing, hoping that another class, if not our own, may reap the benefit of our efforts.

Our request is simply this: that, in addition to the usual list of grades for the course, a regular second-session report be sent, as in earlier years, to each Senior. When, in the report for the four years—computed from data of which we can know absolutely nothing—we find men standing higher than at any time during the course, and others fallen to depths never known before, is it any wonder that Seniors grumble and hint at injustice, favoritism, and "put-up jobs?" The Faculty have the remedy for this evil in their hands—why not use it? Why not make the suspicion of injustice an impossibility, by sending to each Senior his regular sessional report? Then every man will have the satisfaction of knowing just how he has succeeded during this, the most important term of his course, and will, moreover, understand exactly why his graduating rank is what it is. This plan would, of course, involve considerable additional labor for the Registrar; but, if necessary, he might have an assistant to help in the extra work. Be this as it may, if our request is reasonable, it should be granted, in spite of any slight difficulty which may arise.

WE have not been able, with any grace, to inveigh against chapel-stage orations, as has heretofore been customary. The College has, as far as possible, remedied the defects in our system of oratorical training which were pointed out by our predecessors, and we have had every opportunity we could ask in the line of speech-supervision and elocutionary drill. The effect of Prof. Raymond's work has been very noticeable. Such instruction as we have had for two or three months will, we hope, be given to our successors for as many years. In that case the results must be much more plainly manifest. While such opportunity for preparation is given, no one who values drill in public speaking as a part of a liberal education, can object to our system of chapel stages. Let those who do so find a better plan, either in their own inventions or in other institutions.

WE would again call attention to the approaching election of mayor and councilmen. Caucuses will be held before the end of this month, and the election on the first Tuesday of April. We have already acquainted our readers with the existing state of things, the need of immediate and radical reform in the town government, and the effort now being made by the respectable citizens to secure such action; and we again call upon every voter in College to assist in the good work by casting his influence and his vote on the side of those men who will stand pledged to preserve morality and good order, and to curtail the appalling amount of rum-selling and consequent drunkenness in this town.

OUR last prize essay will be due April 5th, at noon. Aspirants after editorial honors must hand in their contributions before that time, as the nominees for the next board will be chosen that evening or the day following. It is still possible for a careful writer to earn a nomination by diligent work—only let him remember that quality, not quantity, is the *desideratum*. We may add that articles for the literary department will count most.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

DOINGS OF THE MONTH.

FEBRUARY 23d—Washington's birthday celebration.....Lecture by Dr. Taylor in Seminary course.

FEBRUARY 24th—Lecture by Dr. Taylor in same course.

FEBRUARY 27th—Concert by the Glee Club at Philadelphia.

FEBRUARY 28th—Third division chapel stage orations, class of '80.

MARCH 1st—New and revised edition of College laws issued.

MARCH 2d—Dr. Taylor's closing lecture on the Seminary course.

MARCH 3d—Presidential canvass.....Junior Final in logic.

MARCH 4th—Presidential canvass.....Senior mid-term examination in geology.

MARCH 6th—Junior mid-term examination in geology.....Fourth division chapel stage orations, class of '80.....Meeting of the Judiciary Committee of the American College Base-ball Association, to arrange schedule of games, and complete the constitution.

MARCH 13th—Fifth division chapel stage orations, class of '80.

MARCH 18th—Third lecture in students' course, by Frank Beard.

MCCOSH, '77, first at College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York city, with Duffield and Parmly, '76, second together. Parmly also received a prize of \$500 for general excellence, and Duffield one of \$150 for best reports of hospital cases.

VAN LENNER, '76, first honorman at the Homeopathic Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa., with the highest grade ever received at that institution.

LYON, '72, Professor of Natural Sciences, Washington and Jefferson College. Nicknamed the "Beast" by the boys.

CANFIELD, SPEER AND WESTFIELD, '77, in town recently.

L. D. WISHARD, '77, reports great success in organizing Y. M. C. A.'s in the Tennessee Colleges.

COOKE, '79, married.

WILDER, '79, in town on G. W.'s birthday.

MCCLURE, '79, AND PETRIKEN, '80, editing paper in Colorado.

MILLER, '80, attended the recent minstrel display of local talent, down Witherspoon street. "Billy" says he always did admire brunettes.

SKINNER, '81, has sold over nine hundred photographic views during the past six weeks.

NASSAU CRICKET CLUB—Executive Committee, Duncan, '80, Wilcox and Westervelt, '82.

MR. DUNCAN'S artistic notices for "hare and hound" meets are much admired, as the large crowds which surround the tree where they are posted, attest. These, together with the admirable cuts in '80's *Bric-à-Brac*, have justly given Mr. Duncan quite a reputation in the use of the pencil.

MISS WILLARD, formerly of the Northwestern University, delivered a very able and eloquent lecture on "Temperance," in the M. E. Church, March 11th. She is connected with the W. C. T. U., and was here under the auspices of a local branch of that association. Her appeal to the voters of the town to support the temperance ticket was very feeling, and, we hope, effective. Mrs. Wittenmyer, a well-known temperance worker, will deliver a free lecture in the M. E. Church, on Wednesday evening, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. Students are cordially invited to be present.

It was in the May races of forty-one,
We started the bottom boat,
But I went to the start with a merry heart,
In a beautiful pea-green coat.

Then the gun went off, and we rowed ninety-four
Until six's rowlock broke,
And seven and four had each lost an oar
By breaking the head of stroke.

And three was pensively strangling cox
By tying his lines round his throat,
And two and five tried to keep things alive
By staving the side of the boat.

So I seized up two, three, four and five,
And ejected them into the stream;
Cox, six, seven and stroke, whose head was broke,
Went down with a gurgling scream.

And I took up the oars, and rowed a fast stroke,
Two thousand three hundred and six,
Propelling the boat, which I kept afloat
By stopping the holes with bricks.

—English Exchange.

DR. M.—“Who was the father of the Jews?” MR. P. (promptly)—“Moses.”

'80's CHAPEL STAGE ORATIONS are over, and have been, we think, a credit to the class and to Professor Raymond, considering the short time he has had the class in charge. The speaking, on the whole, has far surpassed that of former years, but some have done so very creditably that we think their names ought to be recorded. Perhaps some may think the list too short, but we have picked out the following ten for our “roll of honor:” Conover, Hedges, Jackson, Johns, Keenan, Lee, Paden, Van Dyke, Withington, Wilds.

“YE ATHLETIC STUDENT” isn't so bad after all. Pick us four men more prominent, in their day, in base ball, boating and foot-ball, than the four who have just reflected honor on their *Alma Mater*, at New York and Philadelphia, and we will help hereafter to decry athletics.

IT IS A CAUTION, to speak vulgarly, to hear the way the heels come down on stairway and landing, the day after the phrenologist visits an entry. Walking heavily on the heels, you know, especially in coming down stairs, is the outward manifestation of a great intellect.

“DARTMOUTH STUDENTS have been disfranchised by the New Hampshire Legislature.”—*Ex.* We thought such things didn't occur, except in Democratic States.

THE GYMNASIAC CONTEST will take place May 22d, at eleven o'clock A. M., and will be open to all classes. Prizes will be given for (1) general strength acts, (2) general fancy gymnastics, (3) trapeze acts, (4) parallel bars. Prizes will also be given for club-swinging and rings, if at least two persons enter, and enough work be done between now and the contest to justify the giving of such prizes.

“*The Edinburgh Review*, *London Quarterly Review*, *North American Review*, *Princeton Review*, and *London Weekly Times*, with a few novels lately received, will furnish something in the way of the much-desired light reading.”—*Trinity Tablet*. We'd like to spend our Sundays at Trinity, as we don't have time for “light reading” any other day.

HONORABLE MENTION, “Billy,” “Dwight” and “Governor”—these three, but the greatest of these is BILLY.

A PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS was held on March 3d and 4th, and resulted in as full a poll as could be expected. As will be seen, our College is largely Republican, though the majority is some forty or fifty less than it was in 1876. The Democrats were about united on one man—Bayard; while among Republicans, Blaine was the favorite. Grant and Sherman also had a considerable following. In individual classes, the Republican element is strongest in the Sophomore Class, and the Democratic in the Freshman. We append a table containing the results of the canvass: Blaine, 166; Bayard, 120; Grant, 46; Sherman, 46; Tilden, 8; Washburne, 6; Hayes, 5; Edmunds, 5; scattering, 7. Total, 409. Republicans, 273; Democrats, 128; Independents, 8.

OWING TO THE late heavy drain on the gas company, caused by the chapel stage orations, the authorities have been reduced to the necessity of putting greasy lamps into Park Hall.

THE GAY AND FESTIVE SENIOR now spendeth his leisure time in worrying his diaphragm and subjugating his uvula, or in patiently experimenting in the moustache and whisker business. He searcheth for the place where there will be the greatest *outcome* at the least expense for fertilizers.

BOATING ITEMS.—The water was let into the canal on Wednesday, the 10th, and two crews have been rowing there as regularly as the weather would permit. Mr. Kennedy, who has been coaching a crew on the Potomac, expected to be here by the 20th, but Captain McLaren has received a note from him which makes it probable that he will be delayed a few days. At any rate, he will be with our crew during the spring vacation, which will be spent in training on the waters of either New York or Philadelphia. Captain McLaren has received a kind invitation from the New York Rowing Club (Harlem river) to use their boat-house, &c.; for some reasons, however, it would seem more advisable to spend this time on the Schuylkill, and the matter is still undecided. The crew will be selected soon after Mr. Kennedy's arrival.

BASE-BALL.—The candidates for the nine began work on the University grounds the first of the month, but the late storm compelled them to return to the gymnasium. The regular nine will be chosen within two weeks, and will most likely open the season by a game next Saturday. A tour for the spring vacation is also thought of, which will embrace games with University of Pennsylvania, Lafayette and Jersey City.

THE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE of the American College Base-ball Association met, March 6th, at the Massasoit House, Springfield, Mass. All the Colleges represented in the convention were present save Yale, from whom a letter was read, explaining why she was not, and why she would not be, a member of the association. Our New Haven friends are taking a good bit of trouble to circulate the impression that the committee changed the constitution with reference to the eligibility of Richmond, of the Brown nine. That such action was not taken will be evident from the following: Constitution, Art. VIII., (as originally framed,) "Any student who shall, *after this date*, contract to play professionally, or shall receive any emoluments for playing, shall not be eligible." How any plainer statement of the association ground towards professional playing could be wanted, we cannot see; and the committee were of the same opinion. They not only did not *change*, but they even *emphasized* the previous action of the convention; and all efforts to make the matter seem otherwise are but the natural results of the chagrin occasioned by the fortunate defeat of Yale's latest and most ill-advised attempt at "bulldoze." The committee made the New York *World* the official organ of the association, the Secretary of the home club to send reports after each game. The following schedule of games for the championship pennant of the associa-

tion was arranged: May 8th, Harvard *vs.* Dartmouth, at Hanover; May 8th, Brown *vs.* Princeton, at Princeton; May 12th, Harvard *vs.* Amherst, at Amherst; May 14th, Brown *vs.* Dartmouth, at Hanover; May 21st, Harvard *vs.* Princeton, at Princeton; May 22d, Harvard *vs.* Princeton, at Princeton; May 25th, Harvard *vs.* Brown, at Providence; May 26th, Brown *vs.* Amherst, at Amherst; May 27th, Dartmouth *vs.* Harvard, at Cambridge; May 29th, Dartmouth *vs.* Brown, at Providence; June 1st, Dartmouth *vs.* Princeton, at Princeton; June 1st, Brown *vs.* Harvard, at Cambridge; June 2d, Dartmouth *vs.* Amherst, at Amherst; June 3d, Princeton *vs.* Brown, at Providence; June 4th, Princeton *vs.* Harvard, at Cambridge; June 5th, Princeton *vs.* Harvard, at Cambridge; June 7th, Princeton *vs.* Dartmouth, at Hanover; June 8th, Princeton *vs.* Amherst, at Amherst; June 9th, Amherst *vs.* Dartmouth, at Hanover; June 15th, Amherst *vs.* Princeton, at Princeton; June 16th, Amherst *vs.* Brown, at Providence; June 23d, Amherst *vs.* Harvard, at Cambridge. Of the four games with Harvard, only the first on each ground will count toward the championship. Yale has been challenged for two games—one here and one at New Haven. As a result of Yale's withdrawal from the association, W. S. Horton, Princeton, becomes Secretary and Treasurer of the association, *vice* Shepley.

COLLEGE GOSSIP.

THE *Acta* and some other papers have lately finished a series of interesting articles on College slang. From them we learn that "pony" at Cornell, "crib" at Columbia, "fakir" at Bowdoin, or "skin" at Yale, is only our useful little "shenannygag paper;" while "'snab' is a collective noun, denoting women in general, or, (in a limited sense,) a body of girls." At Harvard and Yale men "cut" chapel, at Columbia they "slope" it, in the West they "skate" it, though "at Michigan University a man is said to 'bolt' his recitations." Our "snob" becomes, in Oxford slang, the "cad," in Harvard the "mucker," in Yale the "slum," and in Columbia the "plot." The *Acta* also goes to the trouble of deriving our "honeyman" from (*argumentum*) *ad hominem*, thus robbing the famous Mr. Honeyman of his well-earned laurels. In summing up, Yale's slang is pronounced "the most original and amusing, Harvard's the most meaningless and inexpressive, Princeton's the most curious, and Columbia's the most comprehensive, versatile and complete." Here our author's patriotism reaches its climax; for "no College man on earth can express such delicate shades of meaning in so many different ways

as a Columbia man." A distinction is made "between College slang and the common slang of the street:" "one is a dialect to whose formation scholars have contributed—a language in itself; the other is an ephemeral production of vulgar minds. One is a speech made up of many languages by the slow growth of years, and given to the world by universities and venerable seats of learning; the other is the offspring of the gutters. The use of one marks the scholar, the student, the gentleman; that of the other proclaims a man completely ignorant of good society and decent taste." This same Columbia man gives us his opinion of the College cheers: compares Yale's to the yelping of a pack of jackals, compliments Harvard on hers, admires Princeton's, (yet doesn't give it correctly,) makes fun of the spelling cheer of Johns Hopkins, smiles at the Rutgers "Bow-wow-wow!" the Dartmouth "Wah-hoo-wah!" and the Williams "Will-yums! yums! YUMS!" praises the punning cheer of "Ra-Ra-Ra-RA-CINE!" and of course thinks the Columbia cheer a marvel of beauty and originality.

THE EDITORS of a College paper are—in their own estimation—about the most important persons in that College. Others may think differently, but the editors don't worry over such trifling things. It is, however, a more generally accepted truth that in any "board" the exchange man is the best developed, mentally, physically and morally; hence any remarks upon editors will be interesting and instructive in proportion as they show to mankind the principal traits of this greatest of College students. Should a history of exchange editors ever be written, it ought to be entitled "Les plus Misérables;" for, according to their own statements, these geniuses are condemned to read, and in fact do read, some of the worst specimens of prose and poetry that man ever produced. A select few, powerful minds alone can endure this strain, and they are the famous ones of whom you hear so often, and who are so much quoted, criticised—yea, even reviled. The great bond of brotherhood among exchange men is that they all have dyspepsia—not light touches of it, for such men could hope only to attain mere managing-editorships, but chronic, aggravated, most raging cases. Yet, notwithstanding all this, most of them, when soliciting an exchange, are polite enough to say, at least, "Please X." Indeed, we know of but one exception to this rule, and he is a peppery young fellow who, not long ago, sent us a forlorn little paper, on the back of which he had written these words: "Put us on your exchange list. Send us your next number. Address, Exchange Editor EMORY MIRROR, Oxford, Ga." We hope his lordship's orders are always obeyed.

Concerning the first of this mighty race, History is silent, but the withered finger of the old crone, Tradition, points at the present exchange editor of the *Lafayette Journal*. Other things go to confirm this. He is so gentle; so patriarchal. The whole State of Pennsylvania, and a great deal of the neighboring territory, is under his immediate supervision. He holds peculiar and, to our mind, gloomy views, as if tired of life. Indeed, we have his own word for it that he would rather be pounded into the next world, though all

banged out of shape by a tin horn, or be trampled thereto by Sophomoric feet, than wander through this, carrying his pants pocket full of pistols, and spending an occasional evening in the Trenton "cooler." We're afraid he's slightly misanthropic, too, for although very, very old, he hasn't seen much of real life. Let him but once experience the ecstasy produced by winging a Trustee, or bringing down a Prof. at the first shot, or even letting a Tute have a broad-side at twenty yards, and he will see that this world is by no means the barren waste he imagined it, but that it is filled with delightful oases the where, in the words of two out of three chapel stages, "the zephyrs murmur, birds warble, the brooks babble and nature smiles." Let him, then, re-enter the kingdom of knowledge, like a little child, innocent, with copper-toed boots, his thumb in his mouth, and his face smeared over with tar and molasses. There is much for him to learn.

In one respect the Harvard papers are wise: they have no exchange editors; consequently, "their ways are ways of pleasantness, and all their paths are peace." Just now, Yale men—editors, reporters and all—are very quiet. This results not from any vast accumulation of wisdom, but because they were all so dumbfounded at the unfeeling alacrity and unpleasant unanimity with which the College Base-ball Association accepted Yale's resignation, and then went on arranging games as if nothing had happened. We hear, however, that Yale is slowly recovering, and since the last convention wouldn't be bulldozed, and merely re-affirmed the decisions of the former one, is preparing for a grand "crawl." Let no one tremble for her safety. Through that commonly painful operation she, soothed and sustained by her unflinching, old-time cheek, will pass unharmed. When the present unnatural calm is over, it will be time enough to inquire into the habits, peculiarities, etc., of the Yale exchange editor.

Personally, we have been acquainted with but two members of this great class of editors, and about these gentlemen we know one thing so remarkable that we hasten to chronicle it. It is this: they were upon the same paper in two succeeding years; the one in '7-, the other the next year. The one was older than the other, and the other was older than the one. Each was not only the successor of his predecessor and the predecessor of his successor, but they were also respectively predecessor and successor, successor and predecessor, to one another. We're afraid this is slightly tangled, and our meaning is not clear to every person, but we'll trust that we've got it all right, and the matter is perfectly plain. Though of course we can't explain how all these things came about, and why they were so, yet at any rate we are certain that they make up the most wonderful set of coincidences that we ever heard of, and one not at all likely to re-occur for some time. Perhaps a few brief remarks upon those gentlemen may not be out of place here. The first one was mild in every way; joined a mutual admiration society, and yet didn't sit on outsiders. But soon even he grew reckless, and often, in the lecture-room, while his shrewder classmates poured quarts of hickory-nut shells down his back, or filled his hair with wooden toothpicks, he took careful notes in Sci. and

Rel., and of course barely escaped a condition in that charming branch. His end was particularly sad: one Spring day he ventured out to the P. O., and while crossing the street made a mis-step. The Town Marshal heard his last despairing shriek for help; saw the remorseless deep close over him; carefully marked the spot, and, the next Summer, dug up the skeleton, mounted it in a creeping posture—with the toes turned inward—and sold it to the College. It was only yesterday that we saw that skeleton standing in a secluded corner of the Museum, and surrounded by the frolicsome fossil fish. We recognized it instantly by its sweet, sunny smile, although the placard in front of it bore this inscription: "*Nastonian Clipangerium*. Rare. Princeton mud. The bones marked with a red cross are artificial." Our poor friend's successor was a tired man with a scraggy moustache, who, if he had been as good-natured as he was lazy, might be alive now. He was as cruel as the other was tender, and was nothing if not sarcastic. Why, he would quote whole pages from the "exchanges," and in every line would insert a *sic* or an interrogation point in brackets—thus, [*sic*] or [?] This, as you all know, is the most bitter, malignant, crushing kind of sarcasm. Few persons ever recover from the effects of—using—it. Finally he, too, succumbed, and the Republican majority in College was diminished by one.

EXCHANGES.

The earth has bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them.

—*Macbeth*, Act I., Sc. III.

"MANY MEN of many minds," is a saying especially true when applied to this department of a College journal. The various theories of criticism adopted by our exchanges are as "autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa." Not always do they reflect the highest credit upon those who would decree or deny fame. The vinegar of misanthropy has too often curdled the milk of human kindness, causing cynicism to breathe its blighting effects upon many a printed page. With some, criticism is an instrument of rewards and punishments. They pay their friends with it, and revenge themselves upon those whom they choose to consider their enemies. To this number belongs the *Targum*. Its editors know that their candid judgment is not accounted for much, so they do not hesitate to offer an uncandid one. Literary criticism they never attempt; that is beyond them. It is in vituperative animadversions that they excel. Their poverty in wit is only equalled by their wealth of abuse.

In striking contrast to the *Targum* stand the *Undergraduate* and the *Berkleyan*, which are too apt to indulge in indiscriminate praise. Others there are, as the *Beacon* and *Athenæum*, which are wont to find faults on slight grounds, forgetting that "that always shows great pride or little sense." A few exchange editors seem to have fitted themselves for their positions by serving an apprenticeship in a paper factory and type foundry. This we judge because of the certainty with which they speak of the *quality* of the paper and the *clearness* of the type. Thus far their criticisms may generally be accepted, for they speak only of what they know, and they speak with authority. Apart from all the rest, reviled and persecuted, stands the "exchange ruffian" of the *Niagara Index*. A professional mocker, laughor and railer, he delights to roll the most poignant satire "as a sweet morsel under his tongue." Upon all sides he lays about him with a certain spasmodic violence, but his weapons lack the curious temper and polished keenness of edge, without which satire is a mere bludgeon. We have presented but a few of the many types of this much abused and abusive class of editors. Those who fail to find their portraits here may look for them in a subsequent number of the *LIT*.

For a proper mingling of grave and gay, heavy and light reading, commend us to the *Yale Lit*. It is this freedom from ponderosity which renders it so deservedly popular with exchanges. Feeling, fancy and liveliness of expression, mark most of its articles. Its editors have also learned how much brevity is the soul of wit. We are spared long disquisitions upon uninteresting subjects, and instead are treated to short, pithy essays on a vast variety of topics, all handled in such a pleasing manner as to defy adverse criticism. The number before us would do much to negative the view of the *Tablet* that "literary journalism in American Colleges (as judged from the *Hamilton Lit*.) is a decided failure." We should be sorry to believe that this is the editor's candid opinion, not that we attach any value to it, but that he should thus show his inability to recognize merit when he meets it, is truly lamentable. Rather than think this we have attributed it to his desire to say something caustic. If he is incapable of passing a competent judgment, as his conclusions, if ingenuous, would indicate, he is clearly little fitted for the responsible position he now holds. It would be well for him to remember that "the meanest intellect can find flaws in the greatest productions, which, however, it is unable either to construct or repair." But to return to the *Lit*. In "False Mirrors" the writer would show the fallacy in the couplet from Burns

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!"

and brings out the fact that the advantage consists, not as the poet would have us believe, in seeing ourselves as *others* see us, but as *we are*. The style is vigorous, concise and transparent. No attempt is made at "fine writing," and never are we suffered to mistake the meaning. "A Hair-breadth Escape" and "*Τὰ Φυσεῖα*" are clever, entertaining sketches, the lightest of light reading certainly, requiring no thought on the part of the reader, only a quick sense of humor. With a view to the eternal fitness of things, we think the former would have better graced the columns of the *Record* or *Courant*,

although it is a good story, which has lost nothing in the telling. The latter but describes a type of character not strange to College life. One who

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

"Three Reasons Why," is devoted to the causes which underlie the failure of awakening greater religious zeal among College students, and consequently appeals to the heart as well as to the understanding. The moral tendency is pure and elevating, while the style is unpretending and pleasing. The poetry contained in this number of the *Lit.* is not deserving of special mention. "A Disturbed Reflection" alone gives evidence of any poetic thought or diction." The "Portfolio" is a department of the *Lit.* peculiarly its own. No other exchange has anything that can in any way be likened to it. Short sketches on a great variety of topics, and all written in the easiest and most graceful manner, make up, for us, the most interesting feature of this magazine. A book, a picture, a chance expression, may each and all offer a topic from which the writer can draw some lessons or present a pen-portrait of exceeding simplicity and beauty. Well-selected book reviews and an infusion of contemporaneous matter, contribute to the popularity of this, the oldest and best College publication.

OUR SOUTHERN EXCHANGES are always suggestive, often amusing, and not a little verdant. The *Collegian* is a good type of these. The January number opens with an article on "Essay Writing." A subject of this kind offers but little room for originality of treatment, and is too apt to be but a *resumé* of oft-repeated rules. The most that we can expect is that these be presented in a readable and entertaining form. This the writer has succeeded in doing, so that we read with pleasant assent the record of almost all the canons there laid down. While the severity of criticism may find deficiencies, yet the courtesy of criticism will note many excellent qualities in an essay so marked by freedom from pedantry and affectation. "Philosophy in the Middle Ages," we may be pardoned for not reading. The topic is grave and weighty, and after the *Yale Lit.* we did not feel inclined to tackle it. Our criticism of "Titles" and "Study" must be negative. As it is not our wish to belittle the articles, we refrain from commenting upon them. "The Dead Year," a poem—and from the *Niagara Index!* "Nuff said!" We have no wish to resurrect it, so leave it reverently in the tomb to which the cycle of time has consigned it. Lest, however, we should be thought to be doing an injustice to the "angel" who wrote it, we justify our remarks by quoting a single verse—we haven't room for more:

"Like star within the midnight sky,
Or gem in sunlight passing by,
Brightly flashed the young year's eye."

What is meant by the "young year's eye" we are at a loss to determine. We can account for the meaningless expression in no other way than by the use of "poetic license." That such productions as this find favor with the *Collegian* argues but little for its editor's literary acumen.